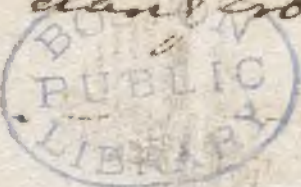


April 7<sup>th</sup> 1800

My Dear Sir,

Being in daily expectations of seeing you, in this place, I delayed writing. I wish much, for your presence, here. The period is more important, than any you and I have experienced together. I am not apt to despond. But I see no light, through the present crisis; either at home or abroad. A Devil is raised, which the wretched exorcists cannot lay. A heavy war without — and, perhaps, one within. — This is the spot for practical philosophy — you are still there mere speculatists. I would give half a dozen Magnums, for an hour's conversation with you. Put your foot in a post-chaise and come. I shall, perhaps, in a few weeks, see you back to the Society. — We are still firm; but there is an absolute necessity, for providing for a double storm. Execution, decision and manly advice were never more necessary. I write obscurely to others, but to you, who know how the land lies, hints are enough. The Bell-man is at the door. No news of Clinton. Confusion, uncertainty and dangerous nonsense reign here. Yours affectionately J. M.





RW1002 (1)



Exchange  
W.C. Ford  
Jan. 3. 1902.



La. McPherson

London April 4<sup>th</sup>

1780

Confident Fear  
about the American  
war; anxious for  
Mr. Home's coming  
to London

X

q. may be mentioned (3)

Ms. A. 12. 23

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